

Elongo

Bedouin Soundclash

The last of some bad debris,
Falls through the coconut trees,
As twilight claims me,
In Trincomalee And through rusted radios,
Came a calypso,
I stood with Elongo,
Inside a shadow. Elongo, how long though,
from here to san pedro,
we draw lines in the sand.
Elongo, how long though,
Until we will get back home
The sun is setting low. Will youth come and go,
Singing the songs they know,
Like Mother Teresa
And Vishnu Siddhartha
And you fly paper planes,
A cow wake is where they lay,
The roots of your family,
The guns of your history. Eloongo, how longo,
From here to san pedro,
We draw lines in the sand.
Elongo, how long though,
Until we will get back home,
The sun is setting low. Is it sailing away,
Or am I waiting in vain?
Do you break all your chains,
For it to all wash away. Elongo, how longo,
From here to San Pedro,
We draw maps in the sand.
Elongo, how long though,
Until we will get back home,
The sun is setting low. Elongo, how longo,
From here to San Pedro.
Elongo, how longo,
From here to San Pedro
We draw lines in the sands,
We draw lines in the sands.

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